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A

JOURNAL;

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

WRONGS, SUFFERINGS, AND NEGLECT,

EXPERIENCED BY

AMERICANS IN FRANCE.

BY STEPHEN CLUBB,
LATE A PRISONER IN THAT EMPIRE.

Published at the particular request of a number of citizens of the UNITED STATES, who were in confinement, and treated as British prisoners of war, when Mr. Clubb left France, which was in the month of July last, he being set at liberty by express order of the emperor.

.....

May the *strong arm* of local tyranny
Fall harmless on my persecuted friends,
Unnerv'd and flaccid! lifeless may it rest,
Till sufferings soften the *hard heart* that dictates.

... .

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PREFACE.

THE following narrative is given to the fraternity of free and accepted Masons by a brother, as being strictly fact, and he deems it his duty to publish it in gratitude to French free masons, and the good of the order in general.

He is likewise induced to it by another motive, viz. Being an Englishman born, and not a naturalized citizen of the United States, he apprehends that the enemies of Mr. J. C. Barnett may make use of this circumstance to his disadvantage, as he took an active part in his liberation.

In the following pages, therefore, he endeavours to point out the clear right he had to be set at liberty, or rather the neglect and injustice he suffered in being first made prisoner, and that what Mr. Barnet did for him, was from the purest and most laudable of motives; he therefore begs it may be read with candour and indulgence, and, as he is merely a sea officer, and has not

had the advantage of a regular education, hopes that improprieties of diction and all defects and irregularities in point of form will be overlooked, assuring the reader that however wanting it may be in form, it shall be perfect as to fact, it being entirely taken from his journal and remarks on the spot.

But the chief motive that actuates him, is the solemn promise he made to the unfortunate Americans at Arras, while fellow-prisoner amongst those scenes of distress, that if he lived to arrive in America, he would publish his wrongs and theirs, and the conduct of those in office, which was the cause of their sufferings.

A JOURNAL, &c.

I WAS born in England, in the year 1762, in the county of Suffolk; and at fifteen years of age bound myself apprentice at London in the sea service. In the year 1787, being, at London, mate of a British ship, and the master a free mason, prompted by a desire of knowledge, or, perhaps, by curiosity, I was initiated into the mysteries, and became a member of the lodge, No. 66, called the Lodge of Sincerity, acting under constitution of the grand lodge of England.

I before had looked on masonry as a jovial society, who kept secret the signs by which they knew each other for the better cementing them together, and distinguishing them from other men; and that they were thus guarded merely to enjoy the pleasures of society with more freedom and less interruption than they could otherwise do; and as, at that time, I was in every respect fitted to enjoy and support convivial mirth, I conceived myself well calculated for a member of such a society. I had observed that my superior, the captain, never came from the lodge in a bad humour, but always with a cheerful serenity on his countenance, bordering on gaiety, which I took to be merely the effect of the unimportant, or perhaps frivolous, pleasures he had been engaged in.

Under these impressions I was led to masonry: but when I saw the aptness and propriety of the symbols there exhibited to imprint on the mind the venerable, useful, and sacred truths they are intended to inculcate; when I found myself admitted and instructed how to contemplate the wisdom of the almighty grand Archi-

tect to contrive so excellent a fabric ; to admire the strength of reciprocal support, where there is no opening, no blank, or useless part, but although in different degrees of elevation and honour, all are equally serviceable ; when I was suffered to enjoy the beauty with which the whole structure was adorned, I was convinced that it was the nearest approach to perfection on earth, and sincerely regretted that I had not sooner been made a mason ; being made fully sensible, that a mason in the lodge is taught the moral and social duties in a manner far superior to that which can be conveyed in any other way ; in a manner which speaks at once to the heart, and imprints, convinces, and demonstrates at a blow, planting itself in the memory so as never after to be eradicated. But, alas, poor human nature ! when I see a mason hurried away by his natural passions, or, what is still more humiliating, blinded by inordinate love of gain, to be guilty of base and dishonourable actions, I lament the depravity of the human heart, and the insufficiency of all human institutions to bring it to a greater degree of perfection. In the course of following my profession, I have visited lodges in various parts of the world, and have uniformly found them travelling in the same direction, and have been enlightened by them. Sometimes, in return, I have administered consolation and support to a brother under misfortunes, or otherwise in need, and have always found the balance in my favour.

In 1792, I married a native of Boston, (Mass.) who, to other qualifications which I approved, added that of an inextinguishable love for her country and connexions ; and judging by her of Americans in general, I was led to think they were a very patriotic people.

Soon after my marriage I got the command of a ship, and used the coal and Baltic trades, until she was taken by the French ; after which I bought part of another, which I lost by bad weather, and, by mistake of my friend who wrote for the insurance, lost that also. I then applied to the Trinity house, at London, for a pi-

lot's warrant for London river and the north sea, went through the examination, and obtained it. I exercised that profession about four years, without any accident; in which time, by means of industry and frugality, I saved some money; but the Danish war taking place, I lost the greatest part of my business, and for that and other reasons, determined with my wife to come to Boston, and in May, 1807, sold my effects, and we held ourselves in readiness to embark the first opportunity for the United States.

An opportunity offered in October following, and I embarked from Lowestoft in an American ship for the United States, plentifully fitted with provisions, clothes, and necessaries of every description, and a sum of money sufficient to purchase part of a vessel for a trade I had in view. We experienced strong westerly gales, and put into Margate road for shelter. The captain went on shore, and brought a newspaper off to me to read, containing his Britannic majesty's proclamation forbidding all British subjects leaving the kingdom, or sailing in any foreign ships or vessels, and commanding all those to come to England who might be settled abroad, under pain of being considered and treated as traitors to their country.

I must confess I read this with indignation, considering it as an arbitrary and oppressive measure, derogatory to the rights of nature, and turning the great body of the people into property, to be owned and commanded by the cabinet, unsanctioned by the parliament, and therefore unconstitutional, null in itself, and void.

Seeing it in this light I determined to proceed; but after some detention by bad weather we were forced into Cowes, Isle of Wight, in a gale of wind, and there finding the ship was likely to go to the West Indies, we went on shore with our effects to wait a better opportunity, and, in the beginning of December the ship Hyades of Saco from Charleston, with rice, arrived, to wait for orders. I went on board to see the captain, and agreed to take charge of the ship, as pilot, in the

north sea, and second mate for my wife's passage to America, he being a stranger there. Matters thus settled we went on board, and I knowing that ship and cargo were really American property, insured nothing on my effects, much less did I doubt the safety of our persons in case we were taken by the French, imagining that in such a fair case, the treaty would be observed, for thought I, the rice will speak for itself to be American produce, and as for risk of weather, where we trust our lives we will trust our property.

I got under weigh on the morning of the 31st December from Cowes road, the wind blowing very strong at S. W. and thick with rain. Having our orders for London, we carried hard on her, and at 2 P. M. judging myself to the eastward of the owers, bore away for Beachy Head, and saw a small sail to the southward chasing us. She soon came up with us, and hoisted French colours; we hoisted ours, and she fired twice to bring us too. We obeyed; and she boarded and took possession of us, steering by the wind for the French shore, the prize-master and his crew behaving very civil, and it blowing a heavy gale all night.

Jan. 1, 1808. At 10 o'clock, A. M. made the French land, and got into Calais in the evening. After dark the commissary of marine, and other officers came on board, and immediately interrogated all of us, asking our names, places of birth, and residence, and likewise our fathers' and mothers' christian and surnames, and residence. These questions I truly answered. My wife was likewise interrogated with the same questions, and answered in the same manner. Mr. Henry Derheim of Calais, a broker, interpreter, and veteran hypocrite, officiated in this iniquitous business, and assisted the owners and officers of the privateer, his colleagues, in the main design of condemning ship and cargo. He imagined that if he could get me to declare myself a London pilot, it would be a strong corroborating proof of her being bound to London, and a help to forward her condemnation. In order to this,

his first care was, to insinuate himself into my confidence, which he began by telling me he was very sorry that I had confessed I was born in England. I told him, that as there was no decree of the emperor, ordering the imprisonment of a man taken in a neutral and friendly service, merely because he was born in England, that it could not be done without a violation of the treaty, and that France had never violated a treaty without being induced to it by her interest which could not be in my case. I had no fear on me. He said he only *wished to serve me as he would any unfortunate Englishman*, that he had been married to an English woman, and that some of his children were born in England, that consequently his attachment to that country was great, and he should be sorry to see me put in prison, and that he knew of but one way to prevent it, which was, to declare myself pilot of the ship, for that no pilots were sent to prison: I measured his corn by my bushel, but was mistaken; for thinking that he might be like myself as much or more attached to his wife's country, than to his own, I believed him to be sincere, and produced my pilot's warrant, of which he set down and instantly took a copy, saying it would effectually prevent my going to prison. But too late I perceived it was a *ruse de guerre*, and that the traitor had sent the copy to Paris, to ensure my condemnation. Went to bed at the hotel where he recommended me.

Jan. 2. Breakfasted and dined at the hotel; my wife in tears almost all the day with apprehensions of a prison; after dinner a military officer came and invited me to the commisary of war office. I went and confirmed my first interrogation,* and I for the first time in my life saw a receipt given for my body.

* In all the simplicity of truth, knowing my cause to be just and clear, I scarcely apprehended any danger; and the commissary of war, the treacherous interpreter, my pretended friend, and an officer of the privateer, played the game of forces, shrugs, and obsequious French cringes on me with

The jailor gave me leave to sit by his fire : I sat down and reflected on the villany of mankind when thirst of gain has overcome the principle of rectitude. But I had soon a harder and more painful sensation to experience, the sight of my wife, who came from the hotel to me, to see me a prisoner, betrayed and condemned the victim of consummate hypocrisy and treachery, amongst obscure filth, damp and stench. She could scarcely support the sight ; 16 years we had shared one fate, and she was still determined that mine should be hers, although the transitive is dreadful and humiliating, from neat and wholesome cleanliness, comfort, and respectability, to the horrors of a jail, clanking of fetters, noise of wooden shoes, and sight of pale half famished wretches ; their sighs and groans she could hear, but it was some consolation to me that she could not understand their useless curses.

Curses are impotent, therefore I lost no time in venting them, but prepared for a night's sleep that I might

great success, and I really did not suspect that an order was given for my imprisonment. It is true I suspected them all, as well as Mr. Le Veux, (Gen. Armstrong's appointed agent) to be interested in the capture, and coalesced for the purpose of condemning the ship and cargo ; but did not know that they considered it necessary to sacrifice me for that purpose. The interpreter, addressing me with a bow and smile, said, " we have done with you for the present, sir ; and as it is very dark, and you a stranger in town, this gentleman (pointing to an officer in uniform) will conduct you back." The officer received me *en veritable Francais*, hat in hand, with a scrape and Gallic grin, and I returned it, or rather received it, or perhaps neither returned nor received it, with all the *gaucherie* of a real John Bull, and walked out with him. We walked together, discoursing familiarly, until we came to a flight of stone steps, which I saw by the light of a lamp. *Montez par ici s'il vous placit*, *monsieur*, says he. I did so : a door opened. *Entrez*, *monsieur*, says he. I did so, and found myself in prison. Words cannot express my astonishment, which, when my friend the officer saw, *Monsieur*, *sans doute*, says he, *aura sa liberte demain ou apres demain c'est seulement en formalite.*

be the better able to take the necessary measures, and write the next day. The jailor told me that if I had a bed, I must pay 2 francs a night, which I agreed to, and we supped, and recommended ourselves to the protection of the great first cause who called us into being. I slept sound all night, but Mrs. Clubb laid awake in tears, counting the clock, and listening to the watch-horns, which sounded awful and sullen every quarter of an hour responsive to each other; which dull and heavy noise, I could not help contrasting with the cheerful voice of the British seaman, which I had been accustomed to hear, All's well. Delightful sound to those at liberty! (shall I ever hear thee more, is the natural thought of every prisoner) instead of which, this uncouth noise assails the ear of the unfortunate captive, insulting, ominous, and dreadfully prophetic of the further sufferings that await him, under which perhaps he is to linger out the remainder of his days in want, famine, and disease, far from the partner of his heart and his innocent children, who, in want of his support, are consigned to poverty, and that contempt which is ever shewn to it by the unthinking many. It little avails the widowed wife, the disconsolate widow, or their dear little innocents, that they can lay their hand on their heart, in the bitterness of their soul, and say, Our father, our friend, our protector and support is torn from us by remorseless war, and we are left isolated and undone, evidently not by our fault, but by our misfortune. I say it little avails; for poverty, however honest, is so disgusting, that in dread of it we frequently see a man even forsake his choice, the idol of his heart, his other self, in whom he can see no other fault than that of being poor; and perhaps after seducing her with oaths and promises, is himself seduced in his turn, and yields to shining mammon; and persuaded that happiness dwells with riches, forsakes her whom, by the ties of nature and honour, he ought to be united with; stifling the stings of remorse, leaves her and his innocent offspring to want and contempt, marries for money, and

becomes a rich wretch, wealthy in woe, the remainder of his life.

But it were well for many if the evil ended here. If we believe the sacred writ, the Almighty, for his own wise purposes, visits the sins of the fathers upon the children ; and we well know that the world, in this case, lays the infamy and contempt on the innocent fruit of the forbidden embraces instead of the guilty father. He out of the reach of law, lifts up his brazen front and exults in safety, but often the wrath of heaven finds him out, and he who sees things as they are, punishes him perhaps in his own body with remorse, and the gout, or more excruciating stone ; perhaps in his legal offspring, who prove undutiful or rebellious, or are perhaps crippled or insane, and the wild glare of their distraction darts horror and anguish to the conscious heart of the guilty parent. To the honour of the sex, an unnatural mother is seldom known. I was disturbed from these reflections by the jailor, rattling his keys outside of the double door at 8 o'clock on the morn of

Jan. 3, and the cautious bolts flew back, the ponderous doors turned slow on their hinges with sullen groan, and he entered pale and circumspect, with a candle in his hand, and examined round the damp and dirty room ; then came to our bed side, and asked if we would board with him at three livres each per day ? to which I consented, not expecting to be there long. We dressed, and he brought in our breakfast, which was scant and meagre, being little more than the name of breakfast. When we had finished, I sent my wife to Mr. Le Veux, called there American consul ; who told her that her husband was an Englishman, and that nothing could be done for him, and refused to come to see me, saying, it would be of no use ; but that if she would leave me, he would procure her a pass. She returned to me, heart broken with grief at such a proposal ; and we lamented that a Frenchman, who, to all appearance, was interested in

the fortune of the privateer, should be appointed consul: for how could we ask advice from one of the robbers combined for our destruction, in direct violation of the treaty, without any decree, or even the *law of necessity*, to plead for the proceeding. But, said we, let us write to General Armstrong; he is an American, whose proper office it is to procure justice to be done to American ships: my wife wrote, stating the business exactly as it stood, viz. That I had been torn from the flag of the United States, under which she was born, and under which I had taken shelter, being really second mate for our passages, and that my name stood as such on the role of equipage; from that flag, whose first display and independence was purchased with the blood of her countrymen, and that two of her ancestors lost their lives in the cause on Bunker's hill, and begging of him as her country's representative, to try for justice for us, as there could not be found any decree of the emperor by which I could be considered prisoner of war; or that if he could do nothing for us, that he would let us know it by a line, that we might trouble him no farther, and that we might have the earlier opportunity of trying ourselves to obtain justice of the emperor.

This letter she put in the post-office, and, at the same time one for Mr. Richard Skinner of this town, who was then in Paris, requesting him to wait on General Armstrong in our behalf, and to write us the result as soon as possible; but we received no answer to either of them while at Calais.

Jan. 4. Mrs. Clubb went on board, and took our clothes and some of our effects out of the ship, and some things they detained from her, not suffering her to take them, she shewing her certificate of birth in Boston, and of her marriage with a citizen of the United States, by the Rev. Dr. John Lathrop, minister of the second church in Boston. They however had all our chests, trunks, &c. taken to the custom-house and examined, and exacted their fees at the

same time of her, the wife of a betrayed and wretched prisoner. She deposited our clothes at the hotel, and returned to me in prison with the dreadful fact in her mouth, that "her foes were those of her own household," for that the consul for America, Mr. Le Veux, was inaccessible, and would give neither advice nor countenance to a wretched woman, who, merely for the love of her country and connexions, had, with her husband, put herself under the protection of the flag, from which flag and service that husband had been violently and unjustly torn and put in prison, evidently for the purpose of forwarding the condemnation of ship and cargo, when at the same time there existed no decree authorising them so to do; the consul thereby becoming negatively the colleague and assistant in this nefarious business, and although not a professional robber, like the captain of the privateer, the interpreter, and commissary of war, who acted the principal and most prominent parts in this act of commissioned and adjusted depredation on American property, yet I have reason to think that he prompted, and was no less necessary in the drama than the principal actor, or even the great manager himself, both of whom always kept out of my sight.

Jan. 5. Awoke in the morning very early; reflected on my dreadful position, how I have been deceived in imagining that American diplomatic men are vigilant and active in the exercise of their office, jealous and tenacious of the rights of their flag. In the regular routine of business, Capt. Savage, master of the Hyades, applied for me his second mate as a part of his ship's company, which had been unjustly taken from him, but Mr. Le Veux the consul would not listen to him. Thus being condemned the victim of interested and corrupted men, black as night when compared with him from whom they draw their power, and for whom they act. To him then says I will I appeal, conscious of my integrity and my wrongs; but how shall I effect it, or how support my present trials?

Masonry, thou first and purest of human institutions! calculated to inspire in the heart of man, universal benevolence and fraternal love. Thou who in symbols bright, expressive and energetic, demonstrate to man, that his true interest, is the interest of his brother, and that his brother is the whole of human race; and in sacred mystic forms, unknown to the prophane and unenlightened, who never sought thy hallowed fane, impartest pleasures serene and pure, that please on reflection, and with mild and gentle beam brightens the dark transit of life: while the temples contrived by thy wisdom, supported by thy strength, and adorned by thy beauty; reflect on each other a mild splendour inspiring the firmest confidence and smoothing the asperities of the thorny way.

Masonry, bright emanation of thy parent light! wisdom is thy peculiar attribute, tell me then, fair daughter of heaven, tell me then, why I am thus torn by violence from society? deprived of the sight of the sun, and confined in the common alembic of misery. Why am I shunned like a pest, and neglected by General Armstrong's agent who ought at least to visit and console me? is it because I have acted in a treacherous or hostile manner against this nation, or different to the captain or the rest of the company who are at large in the town? no. Is it because the ship I was in was prostituting the honour of her flag, and under colour of neutrality favoring the enemies of France? no. Is it then in consequence of a tyrannic order of the emperor to imprison indiscriminately every man born in England, that shall be taken in a neutral and friendly service, whether that man is friend or foe? no. There is no such order; but says the light of reason, circumstances will prove to you in the sequel that it is cupidity, shameful lust of gain, that causes you thus to be abandoned. You are considered a needful sacrifice by a combination; and while this is the case, you are weak to expect the agent of Gen. Armstrong will notice you; and there is no way for you to obtain your

liberty, but by getting a friend to present your case to the emperor himself.

Merciful God, what a depth of misery! but I am a mason, and will not despair. My wife is left me yet, weeping by my side in this dirty and digusting confinement, altered and almost frantic with grief. She never quits me but when I send her; a faithful ambassadress carrying the cause in her heart. I will send her to the master of the principal lodge, and ask him to visit me, hoping that the mercy I have shewn to others will now be shewn to me. She is gone, and will not linger on her errand.

She inquired for the house of Mr. Pigault, master of *la Loge de St. Louis des amis re-unis*, who received her very kind and politely, and with his amiable wife and daughter did their utmost to console her distress by kind behaviour, and he promised to visit me. My wife came back to the prison, and fell ill of a fever, brought on by grief and indignation, and went to our damp and dirty bed. Then if, in the bitterness of rage, I imprecated vengeance on the traitors who were the cause of all this, forgive me, heaven! it is past now and over, and I have no desire of revenge. My only wish is, that my simple relation of these facts may have the effect of a beacon on a rock, and warn the unsuspicious, put them on their guard, and hinder them from confiding any more than is absolutely necessary in any man whatever.

My wife laid sick two days, during which time I watched her, and was a prey to dreadful apprehensions; but a good constitution, a mind in health, conscious innocence, and a temper naturally cheerful, got the better of the disorder without medical assistance, and I had the inexpressible pleasure to see her revive again, and with her sweet hope and cheerfulness. Hope, thou dear deceitful phantom, emblem of the sex, deceiver by profession, yet ever dear and necessary to the peace of mankind, we chase thee from spot to spot of imaginary bliss! Sweet alluring shadow, let

me never lose sight of thee, although in prison, but follow thee, like a boy after a butterfly, hat in hand, from flower to flower, till death ends the sport. This day, the brig Testimony, of Scarborough, was brought in, and the captain and mate confined in our room; but being decent and steady men, we did not find them any embarrassment to us.

Jan. 6. Norfar, the captain of the brig, told me his clothes had been stolen from him by the privateer's men, and I wrote a letter for him to the commissary of marine; who sent to him, desiring him to make out an account of what he had lost, and if any of his clothes could be found in the possession of any of his men, that man should pay for the whole of them, and be punished besides. Two of the crew being found with his shirts on, they received exemplary punishment, paid for all the clothes he had lost, and were imprisoned till the lugger went to sea again.

Jan. 7. It being very cold I joined with Norfar to purchase turf, and kept a fire all day. Mrs. Clubb sick. Capt. Savage, and other American gentlemen visited us. The day's fuel cost us thirty sous or cents.

Jan. 8. Mrs. Clubb on the recovery; better towards night; and went out of the prison to the hotel, and Norfar started for Arras.

Jan. 9. Mr. Pigault, and several other masons, visited me; advised me not to flatter myself with being set at liberty until a general exchange; but said he would furnish me with letters of recommendation to each prefect on my route to Arras, being all masons and of his acquaintance, that I might not be detained in the different prisons on the road, but forwarded with all the expedition the circumstance would allow for Arras, where he hoped I should obtain my parole.

Jan. 10. Got our chests and trunks from the hotel to the prison, and placed them in our room.

Jan. 11. Finding we were not likely to obtain justice, or obtain the least pity or consideration from the consul, and being likely to be sent to the depot of

British prisoners of war at Arras, we employed ourselves in making the necessary dispositions, packing our clothes, &c.

Jan. 12. The brig Mary, capt. Cathey, of Sunderland was brought in; the captain and mate put in with us. The jailor kept a smart eye on my effects, and hoping that, as the distance was about ninety miles to Arras, that I would sell some of them, either for convenience or necessity, introduced a merchant to me.

Jan. 13. Mrs. Clubb went to Mr. Pigault, and took his recommendatory letters, addressed to all the masters of lodges on the route, and are as follows:

In lodge, at Calais, the sixth day of the first month, of the year of masonry, 5808.

To the brethren of the lodge of Friendship at Arras, the brethren of the lodge of St. Louis, of the reunited friends.

Thrice dear and worthy brethren,

This will be handed you by brother Clubb, *capitain en seconde*, British prisoner of war, now at Arras, to whom, as well as to his wife, we have granted all those helps and brotherly consolations, which their situations require, and our obligations impose.

We have been likewise guided by another motive, that of rendering to brother Clubb the good offices which he himself has in this war rendered to our unfortunate brethren, and to acquit them towards him and the order in general.

This is saying enough to you, and we are convinced that you will be pleased to be a substitute for us as it respects him, and will be glad that we have offered you an occasion to be useful to a worthy, unfortunate brother:

He has likewise been favoured with the same good will from the lodge of the Desired Reunion of the Elect National Guards at St. Omer, and he is bearer of a pressing recommendation from brother senator general Rampon.

If then you can be useful to him, and render him any good offices, we shall be the more grateful for it.

We have the honour to be, &c.

PIGAULT, &c. &c. &c.

All the British paper money I had when betrayed, were three 1 pound notes; these the prison cook (an honest old Dutchman) changed for me at a money

changer's at 20 francs each, and my expences having already exhausted that, they thought I was pennyless. Received orders to be in readiness to march for Arras next morning.

Jan. 14, at 8 o'clock A. M. A gendarme entered and ordered us to march out with all expedition, and a Merchant attended to purchase any clothes or other effects I had to sell, offering me about a tenth part of their value, thinking I should be forced to sell at any price to procure money for road expences, and I found a triple alliance was formed for this purpose, viz. the *gendarme*, jailor and merchant; the two first to hurry me away quick, in as much confusion as possible, that the others might cheat me with the greater facility, and I have no room to doubt, but they would share the profits after, (as I afterwards found it to be a trick commonly practised on wretched prisoners.) In order the better to effect this, they agreed with the man who drove the cart which was sent me by the worthy brother Pigault, not to take all my baggage, but to say it was two much, and that his horses could not perform the journey with such a load, and they actually endeavored to drive us away with only a part of our baggage. I stood at the jail door, with my chests, trunks, and packages, enclosed by the three robbers, and a hungry rabble exulting over us, my wife by my side, a list of my effects on a card in her hand, and with my friend Capt. Savage, his mate, and the rest of my shipmates keeping a sharp look-out that they stole nothing.

The *gendarme* ordering me to march, I saw that I must have another cart, or leave some of my baggage. I called out for a cart, and a woman came to me saying she would let me one, asking twelve francs for the first stage of my journey which was to Ardre, a distance of eleven miles of excellent road. I offered her ten francs, which after some talk, she consented to take, but insisted on being paid before the baggage should be put on the cart, which I was not very willing to do; upon which they thought I had no money, and that my

clothes and effects would fall a prey as had been the case with many unfortunate captives. I saw the merchant's countenance brightened with hope of my offering to sell him something to raise the ten francs ; and standing close to a trunk put my hand in my pocket, my eye fixed on the merchant, who no doubt expected I was feeling for the key to get something out to sell him.

I pulled out two Spanish dollars ; at the sight of the shining strangers, his countenance fell with disappointment, and he turned from me sullen as a tyger after springing and missing his prey. I eyed the two dollars in their transit from me to the woman. Farewell my bright circular envoys ; thy pacific countenances have procured me at least an armistice for a while, until another occasion presents itself, and with necromantic power have allured the face of affairs so much that I am suffered to depart for the prison without any farther depredation being committed on us in this place. Accordingly we mounted all our baggage, chests, trunks, and packages, eleven parcels in number, on the two voitures, and then the interpreter, who till now had kept out of sight, came and joined us when I did not want him. Prudence prevented me from saying any thing to this treacherous man, for I thought that some time or other he might possibly lay a stumbling block in the way of my release ; and telling him he was a scoundrel and traitor would be only what he had often been told before to no purpose.

In all my life I never described the order of a march of triumph, nor do I know how. I have read indeed of Roman emperors, and their triumphal arches, kings chained to their chariot wheels, &c. &c. &c. with many other matters of the kind which I have forgot; but never read of a betrayed neglected man, with his wife and a little boy, being separated in triumph from the flag of a friendly nation, from shipmates and countrymen, the children of peace. The first figure in this tragi-comedy was the voiture which I had, with the greatest part of my baggage.

Then followed the voiture with which brother Pigault took care to furnish me, with only 2 trunks in it, in which we were to ride occasionally, we chusing to follow, that we might the better keep a watch over the voiture ahead.

Then followed me and my wife; the little boy close astern of us, and the gendarme who guarded us, mounted on a superb charger. This hero was about six feet high, wearing a tri-coloured cockade on a tremendous scraper, underneath which, appeared his whiskered phiz; by his side hung his redoubtable glaive, pistols in holster, military gloves *en cavalier*, trimmed with martial furr, over all was thrown his horseman's cloak, and thus with left hand on hip, body erect, and head up in warlike form, he drove us before him, swaggering over us, and seeming to say, like tuneful Peter's cat, "this is all my catching;" and to close all, the citizens of Calais, eager to feast their eyes on the glorious spoil and trophies won by their valiant con-citoyens. Degenerate men of Calais, how unlike your magnanimous ancestors, famed in story! May the blessings of heaven light on such of you who are not in the confederacy, but with integrity of heart withstand the temptation of shining gold, whose fingers itch not to handle the property of neutral and friendly men.

The weather was extreme cold, but fair and dry. We walked out of Calais; capt. Savage, and Mr. Emery his mate walked a little way with us; and now came the dreaded moment of parting with those worthy friends and brothers; my wife vented her regret by shedding tears most plentifully, and I had to muster all my fortitude to prevent mine from falling, at having to part with friends whom I might probably see no more except in a state of captivity like myself; for they did not know how soon they might have to follow me, and I well knew that the confederates would have been glad to have sent them as well as myself, my being born in England being merely a handle.

I walked along with aching heart, cursing that base, grovling, cowardly passion, thirst of gold, insatiate lust. More, more, the glutton cries till death stops the note! Mistrustful fear of want must be thy basis! Merciful death contrived by the wild Indians for Baldivia. They it is said poured melted gold down that voracious Spaniard's throat, that he might go into the other world full, with an account that he had been fully satisfied in this. Sage savages!

In the prospect of being drove into the interior of an unknown country alone and a captive, with the hated name of *un Anglois* among prejudiced people, I had no apprehension at all, for understanding their language pretty well, and having been led by my profession to see the world, and in the younger part of my time had sailed with the French, my early natural prejudices were gone, and I saw the whole human race with the eye of a mason. To these qualifications I added a resolution to act in as conciliating a manner as possible with all who came near me, and began immediately with my son of Mars who guarded me, by asking him to take a glass of brandy or wine, and he drank with me very sociably, but sparingly. My wife mounted the voiture and I walked along side of his horse being a pretty good pedestrian, and conversed very familiarly till we came to Ardre, a small miserable old town, with a prison of the same description. The jailor keeping a kind of grocery and pedling store, I being an officer was suffered to stay in the shop, and sit by the fire among a number of Frenchmen, who flocked round to hear what I had to say. I principally directed my discourse to a Monsieur Broussard, officer in the gendarmerie, who invited me and my wife out to supper with him, and behaved very politely.

At 10 o'clock, the jailor warned me to go to a bed which he had prepared for me in the prison. I went and looked at it, but it and the prison *tout ensemble* was most dirty and disgusting, and there were two French

sailor deserters, confined in the same room. I tried hard for leave to sleep in the store, but was told that my going into prison, could not be dispensed with; in we went and were locked up; slept tolerably well.

Jan. 15. Awoke, I believe at about 6 o'clock, for there was no glass in the window, that we could not see when the daylight made; but at 8 o'clock the door opened, and I was told that in about an hour a voiture would be ready to convey us to St. Omer, which was a favor granted at the request of brother Pigault, otherwise we must have stayed in this unwholesome hole three or four nights. Accordingly, at 9 o'clock, the voiture came to the door, and after much vociferation on the part of the voiturier, saying my baggage was more than he could take, and some persuasion on my part, softened with a drop of brandy, he took up all, and two French soldiers, their wives, and baggage, which indeed was very small besides; the weather being now excessive cold, and one of the women without a cloak, I offered her my great coat to ride in, and walked with her husband, a veteran, who had seen service, and been wounded, but did not conceive that he had any cause to complain; his company was very agreeable, and beguiled the road, which was straight, between rows of trees, and paved in the middle all the way; the country seemed very populous.

About 11 o'clock we stopped thirty minutes at the half-way house for the refreshment of those who had money to purchase it. For our parts, having provisions, wine, and cordials with us, I thought to have had the pleasure of having the soldiers and their wives to partake of it with us, but they disappointed me; whether from a native pride, or whether from a fear of depriving us, I cannot say, they only politely tasted with us, and then sat down, and eat their own brown bread and drank cider, with a cheerfulness and gaiety peculiar to the French.

We arrived at St. Omer about 2 o'clock. It is a large old town, with a very good market square, in

which stands the prison, a large old building, appearing to have been built for religious purposes, now a receptacle for the depraved, the unfortunate, the miserable, and the insane. From the strong grated windows we drove up to the door, and heard an English voice, "Here's Mr. Clubb, here's Mr. Clubb." The sound of my native language in such a place struck me with a pleasure I before had no idea of, and in a minute saw myself surrounded by Capt. Norfar and his ship's company of hard north-countrymen, who were as glad to see us as we were to see them, and indeed with reason, for we were reciprocal helps to each other; I could serve them as spokesman, and they occasionally could help me with my baggage (which altogether weighed at that time 900 weight) besides which, their company gave an idea of strength to our little caravan.

The jailor had given them liberty to come out at the door, and unload our voiture, which they soon did, and stowed the chests in a room in the jail set apart for that purpose, and then they were locked into a room adjoining that where we lived; but we were allowed to range in the different avenues and apartments on our agreeing to pay the jailor six francs per day for our board, that is, fifty cents each for a plate at table with him and his wife; a kind of ordinary, where such company was seated as we never before had been used to. Amongst the rest was a private of the national guard, who had attempted to assassinate his officer, for which he had been tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, was double ironed, and confined in a cell for that purpose; but sawed off his irons, undermined his cell, and had nearly effected his escape, when he was detected. The jailor shewed me the bolt which he sawed; it appeared to be about five-eighths of an inch, and told me that he was led out to be shot, but was told that his life should be spared if he would discover by what means he procured the instrument; but he positively refused, saying, "That secret shall die

with me." His officer solicited the general for him, and the execution was suspended. When I saw him, he had been eleven months with heavy irons on both legs, with a bolt athwart, which bolt reeved through a hole in one end of a square iron bar, which he had nursed between his knees until it was bright as silver, and thus accoutred he sat at table, and we must sit with him, or lose our supper; hunger pleaded so strongly for the former, that, in spite of our reluctance, we sat down and honoured the *freco*, which was tolerable. After supper the jailor gave this wretch a key, and he shuffled to a kind of closet, which he unlocked, and took out a pair of bright handcuffs, and brought them to the jailor, and reeving a proper part of them through a hole in the upper end of the bar, placed his wrists in a position for locking; they were locked fast, and he shuffled away to his straw with as much composure as any of the company. These were new and disgusting scenes to me, but to my wife most dreadful.

At 10 o'clock we were ordered to bed, and Norfar and his mate, with myself, and Mrs. Clubb, and a French debtor, were conducted up stairs, and locked into a four bedded room. The glass of the window was broken, and that night a storm of snow came on, with as heavy a gale as ever I remember; found the cold excessive.

Jan. 16. At 8 o'clock our door was unlocked by a servant girl, who caught me in the act of reading a letter from her sweetheart, who was a soldier, and then at Dunkirk. It contained a pressing request from the hero, that she would send him eleven francs to take his cloak out of pawn. This letter she had incautiously left in the window. I gave her the precious paper, and asked her if she had complied with his request; she answered in the affirmative.

I asked the jailor to let my wife out, to carry a letter; but he refused, saying, she was a prisoner. I however found a Frenchman who did it for a small piece of money, and a worthy brother to whom it was address-

ed, an officer in the national elect guard, came immediately to me, and consoled me as much as was in his power, but could make no alteration in the manner of our confinement, nor could he obtain leave for Mrs. Clubb to go about the town, only by taking her in charge as a prisoner, and going himself with her, which he did with great politeness ; but this circumstance I found to be an oppressive act of the jailor, dictated by thirst of gain. The governor of the town came in to see him, and they seemed to have a perfect good understanding between them. Several brethren from the lodge came to see me, and assured me that they would exert all their interest to have us forwarded towards Arras as soon as possible.

Jan. 17. A brother told me that we should go on next day, and that a waggon should be sent me for that purpose. Capt. Norfar was glad of this news, because he knew that he would be sent forward under the same escort.

Jan. 18. Left St. Omer, and proceeded to the town of Aire. The snow being so thick on the road, the carriages could scarcely get through ; suffered much with extreme cold ; one of the gen d'arme who guarded us, offered Mrs. Clubb his horseman's cloak, which she refused on the presumption that the man wanted it himself.

At 3 o'clock, P. M. arrived at Aire, Norfar, and all hands in company. The cleanest prison we had yet seen. The keeper, a man 50 years old, had a wife and two daughters who were at home. They had likewise two sons, one of whom was then at home on the recovery from a wound he had received from British grape shot ; a liberal minded youth, and very good company. The other son was then in the army. This family shewed a wish to alleviate our sufferings by every means in their power, condoling sincerely with us, and sent for two religeuse, the name of their order I have forgot, but one of them spoke English well, and was well informed. She inquired into all our particular circumstan-

ces; and when I told her of the treachery used towards me at Calais, and the neglect and contempt I suffered from Mr. Le Veux, she advised me by all means to petition the emperor without delay. I told her I did not think it possible for the emperor, involved in war, to attend to the complaints of individuals, even of subjects, much less to those of a stranger, an avowed Englishman. She gave me an instance to the contrary in herself, saying, that he had attended to her individual petition, and caused justice to be done to her, although then engaged in war. This gave me fresh hopes. We slept in a clean, good bed, and at 10 o'clock next morning, Jan. 19, proceeded for Bithune with two voitures, Norfar and his crew travelling cheerly altogether, and wishing to get to Arras. At 2 o'clock, A. M. arrived at Bithune, a wretched prison, and lifeless town. We were locked into a little room with a stone floor for two hours, all hands together, before the keeper had made arrangements to let us come to his fire, all which time we were almost perished with cold and annoyed with the complaints and incoherent noises and lamentations of an unfortunate wretch, who had lost his senses, who, in his ravings, wished to impress on us, that he had been unlawfully robbed of his liberty, and taken by the gens d'arme and put into that confinement. At length the keeper came, and opening a door conducted me and my wife to the fire, where they dressed the victuals; and, after much importunity they suffered Norfar to come and join us, but declared the mate must not come; but by our joint solicitations at last they let him come to the fire too; but the men were not suffered to come near any fire, and the greatest indulgence we could procure for them was some clean straw, and they were 34 hours without even a bit of bread except what they bought themselves. This was without doubt done in order to squeeze money out of them. I had a masonic recommendation to the chief magistrate, who came to me, and I begged of him to have me forwarded to Arras as quick as possible, and

he assured me every thing should be done that was practicable. At 10 o'clock, ordered to bed, and conducted through a long avenue, something like the gallery of an inn, to our apartments; Norfar and his mate to one room, and I and my wife to another. The glass in our window being broke, I rammed my hat in, and caulked up all the crevices as well as I could; but laid very cold.

Jan. 20. At 8, A. M. the door was unlocked. Turned out and surveyed the building, which I think had been formerly a convent. The walls, which were or had been, whitened, were scrawled over with charcoal in many a plaintive rhyme, expressive of the ill usage the unfortunate bards had met with, immured in "durance vile." Although I thought I had much to complain of, I did not add my name; but, invoking patience, passed the irksome day as well as I could, and at 10 at night went to the same bed.

Jan. 21. The door was unlocked at 8, and I went and agreed for an excellent covered voiture and two horses to Arras, by which journey we should avoid laying some days longer at Bithune, and entirely escape one intermediate prison between there and Arras. I agreed to give thirty-two francs to the voiturier for this journey, and at 9, A. M. set out for Arras, myself, Mrs. Clubb, and the baggage with the *gen d'arme*, our guard, the little boy, and the driver. Rain and wind all day. Drove on pretty smart, and at 3, A. M. saw the tower of the municipality of Arras, which is very high, and may be seen at a great distance in clear weather, although it does not stand on high ground, the face of the country being generally level. The town is surrounded by a prodigious number of windmills, and it struck me that I should find there a great many prisoners, or perhaps soldiers, thinking they were flour mills; but found afterwards that they were for the purpose of stamping oil out of poppy and rape seeds. In the summer I saw half the country cultivat-

ed with the former, which, bearing a flower much like a tulip, has a most beautiful appearance.

As we approached the town I kept a sharp look out, thinking to see some prisoners from whom I might obtain information to govern my proceedings ; but the weather was so bad, that we scarcely saw a human being till we came into the town, and then I found that the driver avoided the public streets, so that all seemed silence and dismay. At length, after crossing the outer ditch over a draw bridge appeared the great gate of the citadel of Arras, over which a large imperial eagle in stucco extended his wings, and holding in his claws the forked lightening, seemed to threaten the unfortunate captive as he entered, that he would never be liberated till death signed his pass. Driving over the inner draw bridge we entered this deposit of unfortunate victims suffering in despair, because their government sees it necessary, and there hundreds of these brave men have literally starved to death, and that government has never sent them a single cent for their relief, although they frequently petition majesty for that purpose, and humbly lay a faithful representation of their extreme sufferings at the foot of his throne ; yet majesty has never deigned to take the least notice of them. Two of these petitions were wrote while I was there, and signed by all the ship-masters. They were wrote in a very expressive manner, and, as I thought, in an appropriate style for men in their dreadful position. They asked me to sign; but I would not, for in all my life I never had received a farthing of majesty's money ; neither was I taken under his colours.

When we entered the citadel, I suffered a shock which excited all my pity and commisseration at sight of the livid, woe-worn countenances of the tottering shadows who flocked round me to ask, "what news." Mrs. Clubb shed a flood of tears, and asked if there were any Americans among them. They said, there were. I inquired for the commandant, and was conducted to the bureau of the depot, where I was

again interrogated by the chief interpreter, who ordered my baggage into the room, and then said, that I must unlash all my packages, &c. and give the lashings into his possession that they might not be useful to the prisoners in escaping over the walls as had sometimes been the case. I remonstrated very strongly against this proceeding; but he told me it must be done, and that if I did not do it myself, his duty would compel him to order a soldier to do it.

I was proceeding slowly, when, to my great joy, in came the col. commandant of the citadel and his lieutenant. The col. wore the insignia of the order of Malta, and of the Legion of Honour. I accosted the col. and he took me by the hand as a brother, and listened with the kindest attention to my singular distressing story, and then assured me, that as long as I conducted myself with propriety I should have a friend in him; that the interpreter was perfectly right in insisting on taking my ropes, he not knowing but that I was to remain in prison, and in that case such were his orders; but as he should suffer me to go out immediately and live in the town on parole, that order was out of the question. He asked me what hotel I should sleep at; I told him *hotel St. Pol.* and he took leave, saying he would come to me there in the evening.

I loaded the cart again, and drove out to *hotel St. Pol.* looking at the prison with the same kind of horror with which I have seen a lee shore which I have been approaching against my will, where the breakers frowned in grizly horror, and death in different hideous shapes seemed to await us, while our situation called for all the firmness of the commander, and all the alert, intrepid activity of the seaman, and for every means every help, that skill can suggest, or strength effect.

In this case I well knew my chief support would be my army of reserve, a shining train, not numerous, indeed, but true, my joy-inspiring compatriots whose yellow visages reflect serenity on their possessor. Sweet introducers, placing full confidence in him they

usher ! Come then, economy, teach me to guard my faithful friends !

With these reflections we arrived at the hotel, and now being left to my own discretion with respect to when I should go to bed, and when rise up; when I should go out of the house, and when I should come in, I felt a degree of pleasure unknown for some time past, and my wife resumed nearly her former cheerfulness and vivacity, so that the daughter of the landlord says to me, *Monsieur, je crois que madame votre femme n'est pas Anglaise.*

I sat down in the evening before supper, and was writing an account of my misfortunes to a relation, when brother Duhamel, commandant of the citadel, came in to see me, and with him lieut. Kingdon of the British navy, and his lady. I told my story exactly as it stood, and they both expressed a wish to serve me. At 10 o'clock, went to bed.

Jan. 22. Mr. Kingdon sent an invitation for us to breakfast, and advised me to call for my hotel bill. I did so; and found I was charged 12 francs for supper and bed only. Economy was so offended with this, which she called extravagance, that I immediately walked about the town, and saw "*Chambre garnie a louer presentement*" at many windows, and one of them in Rue d'Amiens I hired at 12 francs per month, got my baggage from the hotel as quick as possible, and tenanted my new habitation; received notice from the interpreter, that I must attend muster twice a day, which order I observed punctually.

Jan. 23. Mrs. Clubb busy in washing our room, which was very dirty. I went down to the dock for coals, and found vessels which came from Valencurmes through a canal retailing pit coal at 22 cents a bushel, and 4 cents each bushel to the porter. This canal, or rather river, for it is in part natural, is very pleasant and useful. We used frequently to walk by its banks, the length of our limits, which was 6 English

miles, and see with pleasure the peaceable, industrious inhabitants at their labour in the meadows and fields, or on the river. They raise wheat, barley, and rye, in great abundance, the country being very fertile, and well cultivated. The people seemed to know but little about the war, and very few of them troubled their heads about politics. The boatmen generally have their families with them in these vessels, where they live far cleaner, and, as I thought, much more comfortable than the people on shore, the water of the river which is excellent, answering every purpose for which that element is used in a family, and the banks being in most places steep ; so they go on shore, and on board when they please. At little distances from each other by the river's side, are houses for refreshment, and pleasure-gardens, which are open in the summer season, and there on every feast day and on Sundays especially, music is provided and with brow unbent they join in couples, the dance a-la-ronde, the waltz, or what they please, on the green turf; many of our young officers joined with them, and the French belles, generally speaking, seemed not averse to their company, and I think nothing can be more pleasant than the sight of this innocent festivity, to which the sprightliness of the French is so well adapted ; many a time it has caused me to forget for a while my situation, until busy thought would bring to my mind the picture of the starvling, " I cannot get out."

Jan. 24. Went into the citadel to inquire after the Americans. Some of them came to me, and I asked why they were not liberated with their countrymen, who were sent away about a month before. They said that those men were liberated as Americans at the instance of Gen. Armstrong ; but that the greatest part of them were English captains, some of whom had since wrote letters to France, and that these things being known to the minister at war, he had spoke to Gen. Armstrong, advising him to take more care to discriminate, and find out who had a legal right to the protec-

tion of the American flag, and to liberate none other, but that instead of endeavouring to come at the truth, which might easily have been done, Gen. Armstrong had not only entirely abandoned all the Americans, but absolutely refused to answer any of their letters, and these unfortunate men brought such indubitable proofs that this was a melancholy fact, that I almost despaired of ever obtaining notice from him. Supported, however, by the justice and legality of my cause, I rallied my forlorn hope, and went and purchased plenty of paper, pens, &c. and made myself known to the distributress of letters at the post office. I cultivated the friendship of the interpreter, whose business it is to break open such of the letters as are directed "*prisonnier de guerre*," and made every disposition for carrying on a vigorous and persevering correspondence, in every direction where I might conceive any hope.

At 4 A. M. attended muster as usual, when a message came from brother Duhamel, that my appearance there might be dispensed with till further orders. This circumstance left me more at liberty to pursue my endeavours after justice.

Jan. 25. Wrote to capt. Savage, and to brother Pigault.

Jan. 26. Weather very cold, and deep snow.

Jan. 27. Went to the citadel. Americans came round me. Wrote a petition for them to Gen. Armstrong.

Jan. 28. The commandant and his interpreter took tea with us.

Jan. 29. Went to market with capt. Ramsey, an old prisoner, who instructed me how and where to buy.

Jan. 30. In eager expectation of a letter from Gen. Armstrong; rainy; staid at home all day.

Jan. 31. Gloomy weather, coinciding with the tedious and anxious suspense we were kept in; and continually watching with eager expectation the arrival of the post, in hope that if his excellency considered that my case was not his business, he would let us know it by a line, he having a secretary for that pur-

pose, and that being our ultimate and most pressing request, that we might have recourse to some other method to obtain justice, regain our liberty, or find means to preserve our existence.

Feb. 1. Still watching for a letter from his excellency; none came. What can be the reason?

Is it that a man dignified with the title of his excellency, can be ignorant of the stipulations of the treaty? surely, no. Is it that he is so much engaged in the momentous affairs of nations, that he cannot attend to individual concerns? then why not give a line if that is the case? Is it that, being born in England, his excellency is for that weighty reason prejudiced against me, and determined not to notice the violation of the treaty in taking me from an American ship, in order to gratify a private pique against all who happened to be born in England? An illiberal suspicion, Clubb; for shame, think not so of an ambassador.

Is it then, that not being a naturalized citizen of the United States, and having been born in England, the French government consider that being born in a stable they have a right to use me like a horse? but have patience, write to Mr. Skipwith, perhaps he will answer you, though his excellency will not.

Feb. 2. Brother Wacheux commissaire de guerre called to see us; told me he would lend me any books, or give me any information in his power.

Feb. 3. Received letters from Captain Savage and Mr. Pigault.

Feb. 4. Went to the citadel and received 14 days pay, at 19 sols per day.

Feb. 5. A pretended American prisoner came to speak with me; found him out and made him acknowledge.

Feb. 6. Sent a long letter to Mr. Fulwar Skipwith at Paris, the receipt of which that gentleman acknowledged afterwards, in a letter to a fellow-prisoner.

Feb. 7. Forwarded letters for America for several fellow-prisoners by way of Calais.

Feb. 8. Strong wind with snow and bad weather all this month. Prisoners of the lower class dying, or rather starving very fast. Employed myself most of my time in writing to the American consuls and agents to no purpose.

March 1. Masquerading about the streets, and out and into the houses in a manner that appeared to me most senseless and ridiculous for reasonable beings, hiring their dresses and masques at an extravagant rate. Mrs. Clubb and myself invited to a masked ball, declined the honour; the English characters unfit for such mummery, which in the manner they perform it is as unmeaning and *bizarre*, as their *fetes champetre* are pleasant and entertaining.

March 8. My wife wrote to Mr. Richard Skinner at Paris, requesting him to speak to his excellency in my behalf.

March 14. Received a letter from the worthy Mr. Skinner, who, on the receipt of my letter, immediately consulted Gen. Armstrong, whose arguments on the subject were exactly those of the privateer's men, evasive of the butt of my plea, (that I had taken shelter under the American flag in a legal manner, and demanded protection according to the stipulation of the treaty) and turning off to the subject of my wife (whom I only mentioned in my petition to him as a corroborant, undeniable proof that I was bound to the United States, and had expatriated myself) said she was no prisoner, and being a native of the United States, she could have a pass if she chose to leave me. Mere froth, as I conceive; for I cannot suppose that a native of the United States, enlightened by education and experience, entrusted by his government with so weighty a charge could be so ignorant of human nature as not to know that not one woman in an hundred will abandon her husband in distress; or that he could have so bad an opinion of one of his countrywomen. No; it appears to me to be a dexterous shift, and that he was pre-determined I should be a victim; but for what purpose I cannot positively say.

As to his agent, Mr. Le Veux, at Calais, it requires in my opinion no great degree of penetration to discover that his refusing to do his duty towards me as part of an American ship's company, arose from a violent desire in him that ship and cargo should be condemned.

On reading this letter, which Mr. Skinner wrote in a truly patriotic and polite manner to my wife, in answer to hers of the 8th inst. I was so enraged that I could have execrated the cause of my being thus inhospitably turned from American shelter, and being denied that, for which even American savages are famed, for they are said to protect with intrepidity, him ,who takes shelter under their roof, even if not allied to them. But in this cause, I had forever quitted my native country, and proved that I was in the closest alliance with this, and found myself inhumanly pushed out at the door, into the possession of my native countries enemy.

March 15. Recived a letter from capt. Savage. From this day to the 27, spent in writing, visiting the sick, &c.

March 27. Made a party and walked to St. Elo, a village where once stood a monastery of the same name, now a magnificent and stupendous ruin, standing on high ground ; the towers are left, and seen at a great distance, generally called by the English, the two sisters. The country people shewed us with great civility, this monument of superstition, the extensive and well secured vaults and brewery belonging to it, is a proof that the holy inhabitants for whom it was built, were *bons vivans*, and that whatever might have been their taste for retirement, meditation and spiritual enjoyment, they had not quite forgot their temporal good ; *vous avez raison mes bons peres*, says I to myself, and we walked to our lodgings at Arras, a distance of about 6 miles.

March 30. Received a letter from Mr. Richard Skinner, who was then himself under misfortunes.

April 1. Followed an old sea commander, and intimate friend to the grave. The burial ground of Ar-

ras, as in other French towns, is about a mile distant; and superstition being nearly done away, the prisoner, though a heretic, is buried in the consecrated ground amongst the good Catholics, and there distinctions end. The deceased was a man with whom I had often associated when we were both at liberty, and each commanded a ship; since which time his property had increased, and with it his want, for he grew so fond of his money, that he loved it better than he did himself. When I first saw him in prison, I asked him why he did not get leave to live in town, as he was blessed with abundance, adding, that I would take upon me to obtain him that liberty, if he would come out and live with me in comfort. He answered, that having been robbed of his clothes when taken, he could not appear in company amongst others without buying more at a high rate, and therefore chose to stay in the prison, and keep his money. He died the next week; and I lamented that so good a man should die through such an error.

April 5. Went into the citadel to receive my month's pay. My heart ached for the prisoners that are poor; sickness prevailed, brought on by want and hardship. Gave some sous as usual out of my pay. Conversed with a fellow prisoner about taking the necessary measures to inform the minister of war of the malpractices by which the prisoners suffered. Obtained a sight of the emperor's orders and instructions for the treatment and allowance of prisoners of war, which we found to be just and equitable, being in certain proportion with the French army, according to rank, &c. and gained such information as enabled us to state to his excellency,* that at least half of the provisions and necessaries allowed by the emperor were withheld from the lower class of prisoners, which was the cause of so much death and desertion, and that the prisoners which were almost daily sent to the depot, were scarcely

* French minister of war.

enough to make good the mortality. This letter was sent anonymous ; for some few days before, some sailors, having had the *hardiesse* to go to the commandant and complain of the deficiency of their provisions, were confined in the *Cashot* among the rats. Captain Little, of Massachusetts, called on us in his way from Calais to Paris, and staid the night with us.

April 16. Little started for Paris ; sent letters by him.

April 29. Went to the funeral of an unfortunate prisoner.

May 4. Was paid in the citadel.

June 5. Went into the citadel and was paid.

June 10. As the beef cart was coming into the citadel with the beef in the morning, Vandamme, general of division, stopped it and had the beef weighed, when there appeared a deficiency of nearly half the full quantity, and the quality was found to be very bad ; he also put up a notice in the citadel, that the emperor had issued orders that the prisoners were to be humanely treated, and if any one had a grievance, they were to relate it to him, and it should be redressed. It seems he had been sent for that purpose ; for they set about doing justice to the lower class of prisoners, and correcting the different abuses. The butcher was sent to the military prison at Lille, and other steps were taken for the better feeding and clothing the prisoners, as the mortality had been very great, and their sufferings such as shock humanity to think of. Hundreds were carried out at the Paris gate feet foremost, starved to mere skeletons, till death, the wretches' friend, came to their release. Oh, shades of my lamented countrymen ! had I the pen of our brother tar, the ill-fated Fawkener, you should not want an elegy ! Your inglorious and cruel fate should be transmitted to posterity in some such poem as his inimitable Shipwreck, where, in strains peculiar to himself, he bewails the death of his amiable and faithful friends and gallant shipmates. They fell in a hardy and generous struggle against the

fury of contending elements, and toiling, side by side, emulous of each other's strength and courage, had the chance to strive for existence ; but you, by unwholesome confinement in the pestilential air of numerous breaths; the painful gnawings of inanition, and the baleful effect of feverish disease, by the iron gripe of hard-hearted avarice. Miserable is the fate of a prisoner! his comforts are small, and small his portion; but when the moiety is nipped from him by hard-hearted local tyrants, it is in my view the lowest abyss of human misery.

Inconsistence of avarice, increasing with age! that a man, who had passed his grand climacteric, should shut the bowels of compassion towards his fellow men, and purloin from their small pittance, to add every day another prisoner to his useless bags, and hug those bags till death strikes his blow, and then he is off, and leaves the dear-loved gold behind.

"Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell."

Yet I have heard him style himself the father of the prisoners, and say, that nothing gave him so much pleasure as to see his children comfortable. Alas! if any prisoner there had in reality such a father, how unnatural would he appear :

" If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight."

June. This month I spent in a monotone of marketing for the mess, writing respectfully to his excellency General Armstrong, sometimes playing the fiddle, reading French romances of Pigault, Le Brun, or other authors; subscribed 30 sols per month to brother Le Clere's library.

June 29. The interpreter Mr. Derheim that betrayed me, came to Arras with capt. Fish of Massachusetts, and came to see me. I gave Fish letters for Boston, which reached their destination.

June 30. Capt. Fish and Mr. Derheim went towards Calais.

July 10. Saw two French deserters receive their sentences, to be sent to the gallies.*

July 19. Money was distributed, which was sent from the patriotic fund at Lloyd's; but of this the Americans have no share.

This month very hot weather; walked in the evenings in the beautiful promenades of Arras, which were full of company; the British officers on parole walking familiarly together with the inhabitants in great harmony. The trees, walks, benches, &c. &c. being in good order, it is as handsome a place for recreation as I ever saw.

Aug. 1. Began to burn charcoal, as is the practice in hot weather in this part of France; and here every floor in the house, even to the garret, is bricked over the plank. All the reason I could get for this singular mode of flooring was, that it had been the custom of their ancestors; be that as it may, I have reason to think it has occasioned the death of many a prisoner. It is well known to men of my profession, who have carried all kinds of cargoes, that nothing that has a solid body attracts and imbibes humidity more forcibly than a brick; so much so, that we know that if in a cargo of brick, the lower tier gets wet, the rest that are stowed over will all of them, spunge like, by attraction

* This was done on open parade, before all their comrades, who were drawn up to see the example. The unfortunate men were taken out of their places of confinement, with their heads shaved, their clothes having been previously taken from them; they were dressed in jackets and trowsers, of very coarse grey cloth, wooden shoes, and caps of a peculiar make, and marched from end to end of the parade under a guard, in front of the regiment; then marched to the middle of the parade, and caused to kneel bareheaded while the sentence of the court-martial was read; each of them trailing after them a cannon ball of about nine pounds, as it appeared to me, made fast with about three fathom of a large chain which went round their waists. This sight seemed to draw the compassion of numbers of people, and as they marched back to prison, they held their caps for the charity of the beholders.

fill themselves. This being the case, and the bricks, when the chamber is washed, holding the moisture, the unwary prisoner, overmarched, lays down on his straw, and there often receives rheumatisms, fevers, coughs, consumptions, and all the dire consequences of obstructed perspiration.

There is not at present in the town of Arras a single loom for weaving that beautiful tapestry that bears its name. I saw some rooms hung with it, and inquired about the manufactory, but was told nothing in that line had been done for many years in the town. The chief employment of the women at this time is lace-making.

It appears that the revolution was a severer scourge to Arras than to any other town in France. It was the birth place of that miscreant Robespierre : and I have it from good information, that the guillotine under his direction entirely depopulated La Rue de Paris, where the noblesse and principal characters resided, and I have myself seen human bones in the brook that runs through the town, the remains of some of those unfortunates who lost their lives in those times of blood and confusion.

The inhabitants generally behave very sociable and friendly to the prisoners, many of whom buoy themselves up with a hope that they are willing secretly to favour the British interest, and even have gone so far as to say, and perhaps write, that they are ripe for insurrection, when it is only their suavity of manners and natural smooth politeness, that cast a mist before the eyes of John Bull.

The town was built by the Spaniards near 300 years ago, and fortified by the famous count Vauban about 250 years since, as I have heard, and as appears by an inscription on a stone laid in one of the brick facings of these stupendous works, which are in some places ninety feet in height. Had I understood fortification,

" But knowledge to my eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,"

I should have taken more notice of this famous frontier. At Arras is likewise a building unfinished, intended for a convent, as I was told. This is a Herculean undertaking. The scaffolding of the inside of the great dome is not yet taken down ; but the library is finished, in which is a museum, containing many curiosities and antiquities : among the latter is the shoe of a queen of France, which they say is 900 years old, and an ivory small-tooth comb 700 years, according to their account. Mrs. Clubb had the curiosity to comb her head with it. We went to see all such things, prisoners having much leisure.

In the town are three good market-squares, La Grand Place, Le Petit Place, et La Marche au Poisson. In the first is the corn market, in the second, that of butter and vegetables, and in the third, that of fish, as its name denotes. These markets are all well supplied, particularly the corn market, the country being called the granary of France. In the Petit Place is the hall of the municipality, where the business of the police is done, and where they perform the ceremony of drawing conscripts. These conscriptions are the greatest and indeed the only burdens they complain of, and certainly are a great grievance, as bad perhaps as the impressing men in England, only with this difference, that in England the evil lays on the poor only, as the man of property there can screen himself or his children ; but in France every one bears a part of the burden, all being included to stand their lot ; and when it falls on the rich, I have known two thousand, or sometimes three thousand, francs given for a substitute. Add to to this, that commissions are never sold in the French army, every one must begin in the ranks ; and I believe that if there are exceptions to these rules, they are very rare. I never saw any while among them, nor did I ever hear them so much as hint that their draughts are unfairly made.

Aug. 9. Despairing of ever obtaining a line from Mr. Armstrong, wrote a long letter to Le Prefect Mar-

itime de Bologne, stating facts in my usual way, and requesting a rehearing of my case, and liberation. Calais being in his department, his is the central office for such business.

Aug. 29. Followed a worthy brother to the grave in masonic form, according to his desire. It being a new thing in France, numbers of the inhabitants went out with us, and I heard them admire the steady, decent deportment of the fraternity who appeared in this dernier acte of social duty.

Sept. 12. A gentleman of the name of Collet was introduced to us by the commandant, resident in France, not far from St. Omer, and citizen of the United States, then on his road to Paris. He paid attention to my singular case, and the commandant shewed us a letter from the minister of war in answer to my letter to Le Prefect Maritime de Bologne of the 9th ult. requesting a rehearing of my case. This letter stated, that his excellency did not doubt the truth of my statement, but that as the representative of the flag from which I was taken had not applied for me, a rehearing was unnecessary.

On a mature consideration of this answer, I construed it to imply, that the emperor of the French is not so severe on American persons or property, or even on persons and property which are legally and fairly under the protection of the flag of the United States, as the diplomacy is negligent in application. And strange for an Englishman to tell, I felt more hope of receiving justice from Bonaparte, than from him whose duty it was to have justice done to all who were under American protection; from him who guarded the honour of that flag which was insulted in this infringement. Every man may not see this in the light that I do, or put such a construction on it. If I am in an error, it is merely in judgment, a mistake of the head, and I trust my heart is right, for I do declare that rather than a stripe should have been blotted, or the lustre of a star diminished on my account, I would have endured

captivity ; and heaven is my witness, that this was the chief reason why I did not, when first taken, alter my name, and make use of documents of proof (of a man's deceased) of American citizenship, which, by chance, I had with me. What ! deny the identity of my person, and be found on board an American ship in a feigned character ! Heaven forbid ! Aid me, integrity, I'll tell the truth ! I did ; and what was the consequence ? neglect and contempt ; poverty is my reward. But I more glory in it, than if possest of all that fortune ever threw on fools. I wrote immediately a letter to Gen. Armstrong, of which, the following is a copy.

To his Excellency GENERAL ARMSTRONG,
AMBASS. PLENIPO. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency, &c.

The undersigned humbly represents, that he being second mate of the ship Hyades of Saco, was taken and brought into Calais for adjudication, and that being there questioned as to the country of his birth, hesitated not to avow himself born in England ; nothing doubting at the time, that circumstance could militate against him or be considered as a crime, seeing he was actually an officer under the flag of the United States, carried on the roll of equipage as such, married to a native of Boston then a cabin passenger on board with him with intent and agreement with the capt. for her so to remain till our return in said ship to America.

That under such circumstances, and having actually expatriated himself from England, he conceived himself secure under the flag of his adopted country ; but contrary to this he had been excepted against, and with his wife sent to and remain at this depot as a prisoner. We appeal to your excellency. Admitting for a moment apart, the foregoing facts, facts which we establish by the captain's certificate hereto annexed, and which may be confirmed by the roll of equipage, now we presume at the council of Prizes. With all due submission, we conceive that our case is fully embraced by the 14th article of the treaty, which expressly stipulates, " The flag shall protect the property on board, even if belonging to an enemy, and more particularly the persons, unless actually in arms and in the service of an enemy, &c."

We entreat your excellency's consideration and commiseration of our unhappy case, and that you will have the goodness to procure our enlargement, and an early opportunity of returning to our country, and our friends, and as in duty bound we will ever be grateful.

Arras in France. Signed.

Copy of the Captain's certificate.

I, the undersigned, master of the American ship Hyades, of Saco, taken and brought into Calais as a prize, do certify, that Mr. Stephen Clubb was my second mate on board, and that his wife, a native of Boston, (Mass.) was a cabin passenger, with agreement so to be, until our hoped for arrival at home, and that there are now on board my ship, water casks, and other effects the property of the said Clubb, purchased by him for his wife's comfort and accommodation on her intended passage home to Boston.

Signed, THOMAS SAVAGE.

Mr. Collet took this letter with him, and delivered it to Gen. Armstrong.

Oct. 20. Mr. Collet returned from Paris; told me he had seen General Armstrong, and that he saw one of my letters laying on his table, but that the General would take no notice of me or my wife; that he did not appear to be inclined to favour any of his countrymen, much less to favour me who was only a stranger, although in fact and legality under the protection of the flag of the United States.

Oct. 21. Resolved not to be discouraged; wrote to the American minister in pressing, but respectful terms.

This month spent in much the same manner as the last, writing in every direction.

Nov. 21. The worthy brother Pigault came to Arras as an elector of the imperial senate. He came to see me; and he being a man well informed of the present state of political affairs, and, as I conceived, of a solid judgment, I asked him whether, in his opinion, Great Britain was likely to crush the empire of France? He said that, according to the present situation of affairs, he judged that the emperor would in all proba-

bility soon rule the continent entire; and that he should expect to see me liberated on a general exchange. This month expended in the same manner as the former.

Dec. 21. Capt. Chambers, of a British merchant ship, arrived, with his legs swelled and otherwise disordered with the bad treatment he had experienced on the road, and in the different prisons; and brought likewise, the entrails and dung of some beasts, which a jailor had boiled and made soup of, and set the solid before him and his crew to eat. This inhuman sight was exhibited before a French surgeon, who was employed in the cure of this sufferer; I asked him *qu'est ce que ca, monsieur? Sacre Dieu,* dit il, *c'est l'ordure.*

Jan. 1. Time spent in perseverance in writing; notwithstanding all these discouragements, my precious army of reserve dwindling away every day, now reduced to a small handful; in case I am ultimately disappointed in my hopes of being liberated, I intend to commence teaching the English language to the French, or French language to the English, or both. Employed myself in a revision of the French grammar for that purpose. Mem. mortally, hate studying grammar, participles passive, &c. uninteresting, dry employment. In this month, the commandant was superseded by monsieur Noirot, who immediately began to correct former abuses, and clothe the prisoners, provide beds for them; and by his impartial and firm conduct, the condition of the poorer class of these unfortunates, was so much altered for the better, that the mortality ceased, from 40 or 50 funerals in a month, to 4 or 5; and when I came away, the deaths were in the same proportion with the inhabitants of the town. The hospital had but few prisoners in it; and the sailors began to look more like Englishmen.

An unfortunate man, who told me he had suffered much in the service of the United States, and had been in slavery at Algiers, fell sick, and went to the hospital. My wife often went to visit him, and found (I am

sorry to say) that nothing ailed the man, but the cravings of an empty stomach; he had twice been in the hospital before, was cured and sent to prison again, but for want of nourishing diet as often relapsed, and had not a cent to buy a bit of bread; she often carried little cakes, &c. which she concealed about her, (for the order was, that nothing should be carried to the sick); and as it was not in my power to help him altogether by myself, I wrote a petition for him, and, amongst my brother officers, collected 3 crowns which I gave him, for he never drank spirits, and I had the pleasure of seeing him revive from a mere shadow, to a stout man; he is about 35 years of age, but prison-worn to the appearance of 50.

In this month I obtained such allowance for my wife, as the French government have thought proper to allow wives of officers who are prisoners, and shall I be believed when I say, that this polite nation allows ladies, who are under these misfortunes, nothing but the common prison bread? the utmost I could sell it for, was 3 francs per month.

I saw some French ladies at Arras, who had been sent home from English prisons; I asked them how they had fared, they said their husbands enjoyed parole, and had half a guinea a week; but themselves had but a shilling a day. When Mr. Collet was at Paris, he recommended my case to Mr. Isaac Cox Barnet, whose truly patriotic exertions in behalf of the unfortunate Americans, ought never to be forgot by his countrymen. He was the first American agent who took notice of me, and gave me hope; I wrote 2 letters to him explaining my case very fully.

Feb. 10. Received a note from Mr. Barnet, advising me to petition the minister of war; which I did in the same strain as I had before petitioned Gen. Armstrong.

Feb. 11. Went into the citadel. Severe frost. The poor Americans flocked around me as usual to hear what news; assured Slawson in particular (a native of

Stanford near New-York) and all the rest of the citizens of the United States, that I would make every exertion to serve them, and that should it be my good fortune to arrive first in any part of the United States, I would publish the neglect and wrongs they suffered, by every means that laid in my power, and they promised the same to me.

About this time 3 ship's companies arrived from Rochfort, from American ships, who had been stopped for being engaged in a trade between England and France, making a false declaration in that respect, although warned by notice previously read to them, at the custom-house in France, that if they declared any thing more or less than the truth, each master of any of the said ships would be fined 4000 francs, each mate 500 francs, and each seaman 100. The masters of the ships having found means to escape on information being given of the business, the mates and crews were sent to Arras and treated as British prisoners of war ; the 3 mates were introduced to me, and told me the story ; they were exhausted with fatigue in travelling such a distance, and thought it very hard that they had no *appui*, no one to appeal to. They imagined when the notice was read to them, that if they paid the fine they would be suffered to come home, and having made *amende* according to law they would be considered again as American citizens but no ; when I saw them, one of them had not then in his possession sufficient to have paid his ransom, and the rest could soon have raised it, but an American in France appears always to me as if he had no friend. It is a fact that my wife applied to General Armstrong, saying she was a native of Boston ; he made no reply. She then applied to the British agent, who told her she was an American.

I here beg leave to remark that the conduct of the three young men who were mates in the American ships, was such as gave me great satisfaction, cemented by the same circumstances, their aim and efforts were united, such as I with every American will ever

be, pointing sincerely and unanimously towards the same end, their behaviour sober and circumspect, abstracting themselves as much as civility allowed them, from the British, and all other foreigners.

March. Time spent in the same manner; the unfortunate Americans in the citadel very anxious. Mr. Barnet corresponded, and gave us a glimse of hope from time to time, that he might perhaps obtain justice for us.

April 10. Received a letter from Mr. Barnet, of which the following is a copy.

PARIS, APRIL 8, 1809.

SIR,

I have the pleasure to inform you, that I got assurance yesterday *that you will be liberated soon*, that is, that the decision is taken, but the order not signed, it may probably get his excellency's signature on Wednesday next, and if so may reach me on Friday or Saturday.

If, as I confidently expect, you are liberated, it will be due to the proper manner of presenting your case; To my application to the minister of war, through the department of extra relations, and to the respect which his majesty's government shews to the stipulations of our treaty, under which your case comes.

Mr. Collet first made it known to me. Actuated by a constant desire to serve those who have a right to the protection of my country(wherever born,) I most cheerfully exerted myself without regard to official duty, or local authority, and am happy that it has been to some effect. Be assured that with me no personal influence of others has contributed to your relief; your case being presented by Mr. Collet, his respectability and the justice of your cause has done all. I have found good will and attention in the offices, but not at the price of pecuniary consideration; let no one deceive you in these points: I again repeat that the justice of your cause, and what credit a conduct of thirteen years in this country may have entitled me to, have alone obtained your emancipation; for I consider it certain. Happy in the assurances I got yesterday, I beg you and Mrs. Clubb will accept my congratulating compliments, and cordial salutations.

J. COX BARNET.

Mr. S. Clubb.

This excellent man was so kind as to correspond with me, and often as I went into the citadel the disconsolate, friendless American sufferers would come around me, and ask me what could be the reason that Gen. Armstrong would not notice his countrymen? I could not reply; and they in expressive silence would walk away, with woe and dejection in their countenances.

April 15. Received a letter from Mr. Barnet, saying, patience yet a little.

April 21. Received a letter from Mr. Barnet, saying my business was postponed; wrote the grateful effusions of my heart to him, whose patriotic concern for the respectability of his flag, caused him to feel an interest for me, condemned the victim of interested men.

May 22. Received a letter from Mr. Barnet, saying, that on account of my declaring myself born in England, the minister of war thought proper to refer my case to his imperial majesty, and that my petition was sent to him at Vienna. Being fully confident that an official nod from Gen. Armstrong, would cause me to be liberated, I directed my wife to write to him once more, as follows :—

To his Excellency General ARMSTRONG.

Arras, May 30, 1809.

I AM a native of Boston, (New-England) and was taken with my husband, who was second mate of the Hyades, and his name is now on the role of equipage as such. I was cabin passenger in the ship, by agreement with the captain, in order to go home to the United States. To obtain this purpose, my husband placed himself under the protection of the American flag, in full confidence that he would be respected according to the stipulations of the treaty. The contrary, however, has happened; and he is unlawfully torn from the sacred asylum he had flown to, and is arbitrarily confounded among the British prisoners of war; the proofs of the above are demonstrable, and place the fact beyond all shadow of doubt. I apply to your excellency, as to the guardian of the honour and rights of the flag under which my husband was taken, requesting you would obtain justice for him, in full persuasion that the just and enlightened mind of the great emperor would disdain so unjust and arbitrary an action, were it truly represented to him.

With all submission to and high consideration of your excellency, in your elevated and important station, I conjure you for a moment to consider the singularly distressing situation I am placed in ; between the love of my country on the one hand, and the duty and fidelity due to my husband on the other, my heart is torn with anguish. Father of a family yourself, you might form some conception of it, if you would imagine a near branch of yours in my position, eminent and sole in misfortune. I am the only *Americaine* held prisoner here ; add to this, that my husband's love and confidence in me, my family, and my country, have brought him into this misfortune.

Thus betrayed and neglected, I am sure you would think me unworthy of my native country, were I to leave him.

I make bold to request your excellency would order the counterpart to be sealed and sent as directed, having to add, to my other misfortunes, that I have not had a line from my family these two years.

If your excellency would deign to give me a line of advice or encouragement in this my great and unmerited distress, it would ever be gratefully remembered by your, &c. &c.

This letter, with one on the other part of the same sheet for my wife's connexions in Boston, properly addressed, I put in the post office at Arras ; but it never came forward, nor did his excellency vouchsafe me any answer.

I must confess, that when I found that the minister of war dared not to sign the order for my liberation, but had sent my petition to the emperor at Vienna, I felt a little discouraged, although I had not the least doubt but that if the emperor once saw and considered the petition, he would grant it, for this reason, he had no interest to prompt him to refuse it ; being of opinion that there is not one man in a thousand who will be guilty, positively or negatively, of any act of injustice or cruelty towards a fellow creature, except he has some interest in view.

My time passed in the most anxious suspense : sometimes I would think that if Gen. Armstrong, whose immediate duty I conceived it to be, both by the rules of patriotism and politeness, (even saying that circumstances hindered him from trying, at that time, to have

his flag respected) at least to answer my wife's letter. If he neglect me, how can I expect that the *real and actual* sovereign of the French empire, involved as he is in warfare, will notice me, a wretched individual, branded as I am with the name of Englishman?

June 11. Received an invitation in the name of the commandant to go into the citadel; he had something to communicate. I cannot say but I felt a kind of repugnance to attend an invitation from a French officer, for I had not forgot *leur politesse* at Calais. But I was in their possession; so, with the best grace I was master of, I went to the citadel, taking the precaution, however, to carry my great coat, night cap, and some other necessaries, so that in case the invitation might prove so pressing, as not to suffer me to come out again, I might be tolerably accommodated to sleep there all night.

I walked without loss of time into the bureau, where three English youths, who served as clerks and interpreters, sat writing; they were well acquainted with me, and knew the injustice of my detention. The pleasingly animated expression of their countenances assured me at once I had nothing to fear, and they all spoke together, "Captain Clubb, we congratulate you on your release from captivity." "On what authority do you ground your assertion?" said I. "On nothing less than an imperial order." "Can I see it?" "Yes, here on the table." "Will you let me take a copy of it?" "Yes."

(TRANSLATION.)

To Monsieur NOIROT, commanding the depot of prisoners of war at Arras.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that his majesty has permitted Mr. Stephen Clubb, *an English captain*, prisoner at Arras, who had the intention to go and settle in the United States, to go there with his wife. These strangers being given up to the disposal of the minister plenipotentiary of the United States, WHOSE DUTY IT IS *(qui doit)* to send them the needful passports to Arras.

The general of division orders that when they have received them, they may set off for the port from whence they are to embark, and that their departure may be made mention of in your accounts.

Signed by a General of Division.

I read and considered this, and saw,

"Alps on Alps arise."

The difficulty appeared now to be in getting a passport from General Armstrong, without which I could not get out of France, and I had little reason to expect that his excellency, who had all along been so inflexibly deaf to my just complaints, would now listen to me. I had already exhausted all my logic on him to no purpose, and had no new argument to offer.

The circumstance of having the emperor's permission to be sure was new; but my hopes depended, as I conceived, on what degree of weight and importance his excellency might consider to be attached to the two monosyllables *qui doit*, when pronounced by the emperor of the French.

I should have interpreted them simply *who ought*, but when I considered that I was in France, where, by politeness and refinement in the extreme, it is the custom to *invite* a man to prison, and instead of being forced in by a sheriff's officer or bailiff, he is politely ushered into his confinement, perhaps by an officer in imperial uniform, as I was, or perhaps by a messenger, who has the appearance of a finished gentleman, with all the *agremens* of burnished education. When I considered this, I hoped that his excellency might interpret the two little words in question, if not as a direct, at least as an oblique command, or (which is the same thing from the emperor) advice to him, to do that justice to me, which I had a right to expect from the respectability of the flag of the United States.

I went to my lodgings, and read to my wife the copy of our release, and she thought that we now laid at the mercy of her countryman, General Armstrong, more

than ever, which threw a damp on all her hopes, for she had wrote so often to him, and in such pathetic terms, that she forever despaired of moving his compassion, or even his attention to what she conceived to be a duty he owed, if not to his office as minister, at least to his character as a gentleman; that is, to give an answer, no or yes, to a female. I discoursed on these matters with many of my friends, among whom was the commandant's secretary (a Frenchman) who said that *qui doit* was his majesty's opinion *unequivoque*, and that neither General Armstrong, nor any man in the empire *would* counteract it. The American mates were of the same way of thinking, and immediately began to write letters to send by me, as did the unfortunate American sailors who were in confinement in the citadel, to all of whom I solemnly promised that, should I be so fortunate as to effect my passage to the United States, that I would not only deliver their letters, but publish the sufferings I had experienced, as a specimen of theirs; for it would be impossible for me to recollect the wrongs and sufferings of each individual. Here perhaps some may say, that there are so many false documents sent from England that it is just as impossible for the General to discover the real from the pretended American. I answer, that there are always, or at least have been for some years past, some prisoners whose Americanship is indubitable; write to any one of them, and he will point out the real American. Capt. Hugh Harrison was likewise released by the minister of war by his own petition, and the help of Mr. Barnet. This man's case was very hard: He was a citizen of Charleston, (S. C.) and commanded the brig Lady Washington. She was taken by the British, and Harrison took a passage in an English vessel from Gibraltar for London to try for his brig: on his passage they were taken by the French, and the vessel burnt. Harrison, notwithstanding he saved enough of his papers to prove his citizenship, was sent to Arras,

where he remained 13 months, continually writing petitions to Gen. Armstrong.

June 16. There came another invitation for me to go to the bureau. I went in, and there laid on the table an envelope, addressed, *Messieurs S. Clubb & Hugh Harrison detinus au depot d'Arras*, which they gave to me, and I read, as follows :

PARIS, *June* 14, 1809.

Gentlemen,

HIS majesty having been pleased to grant your liberty, two passports are sent in consequence. You will fill up the parts which have been left in blank, and give notice to this legation of the port from which you intend to sail.

I am with great respect, &c.

(Signed) DEVILLE,

Sec'ry of his Excell'y.

I then took the pass, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw his excellency's signature at the bottom. The blank was left for me to fill up ; and having been informed by Mr. Barnet (that friend of the real American, or even of those who have a legal claim to American protection) that the Mentor, government despatch ship, was shortly to sail from L'Orient for New York, I inserted L'Orient as the shortest way to America.

I cannot tell what argument Mr. Warden could use to falsify Doolittle's letters which I brought. A stranger to speculative reasoning, I say, that those letters were nothing but unequivocal facts, palpable and undeniable ; and maugre all sophistical arguments, I shall continue to assert, swear, and maintain, that black is black, and white is white, in the behalf of those unfortunate men, according to my promise ; until they come home, which I hope will be soon, and then they, being natives or citizens of the United States, will do it for themselves. For my own part, I have gained my point and am here in safety, and but for the promise I made to the unfortunate sufferers left behind, would trouble myself no more about it.

I have forgot the names of many of these men, therefore shall insert none; but I brought with me between 20 and 30 letters from them to their fathers, mothers, wives, &c. in the United States.

I call on capt. Shepard of Salem, who was 6 days with us in Arras, and to whom I am under great obligations for his kind attention, to witness their sufferings. I call on capt. Little of the Speculator, capt. Caleb Hopkins, Mr. Jonathan Emery and Mr. Ephraim Pain, mates, to support me in asserting these facts.

A little previous to my coming away, some British officers deserted from parole, and all the officers were confined, except those whose wives were with them. Mrs. Clubb went and pleaded with the commandant for her countrymen (the three American mates) alledging they were not prisoners of war, &c. He said they were in his charge as such, and if they came out on parole it must be on my responsibility; I consented, and they were let out, so that they were sorry in one way to part with us, but grounded great hopes that we should plead with Gen. Armstrong, and persuade him to notice them.

June 22. Left Arras in the Diligence.

June 23. On road.

June 24. Arrived in Paris. Gen. Armstrong so much indisposed that he could not be seen; sent my wife to beg to speak to him, but it could not be. She then asked to see Mrs. Armstrong, and was answered, she was sick likewise. She however at length got admittance, and told Mrs. Armstrong who she was, and that she came to return thanks to Mr. Armstrong for my passport, and to deliver letters and petitions from the American prisoners at Arras. Mrs. Armstrong took them, and returned with Mr. Armstrong's answer, "That we need not thank him for our release, for that we must have had some other friend." Mrs. Clubb answered, yes, all the local authorities inclined to do us justice, and it was sanctioned by the emperor himself. Mrs. Armstrong then laid the sealed letters on the

mantle piece, and said Mr. Armstrong would look at them on some future day, and returned Mrs. Clubb the open letter, with Mr. Armstrong's answer, " that there are no American prisoners at Arras." To which Mrs. Clubb replied, it seems there are, for I have seen as many as 20 or 30 protections brought by white and black men, enveloped and sealed on our own table, and forwarded to Mr. Armstrong, and have letters from all of them, to deliver to their parents and friends in the United States, and they have sent home a list of all their names which will be published throughout America. I wrote this bad news to my unfortunate fellow-sufferers. Mr. Barnet was so kind as to afford me hospitality during the 5 days I was at Paris, and I saw an *invitation* sent at the instance of Mr. Armstrong for him to attend at the police office on business which concerned him, and saw the distress of his amiable family at the dreadful summons; my heart ached as he went out. But at 5 in the evening he came home, and they received him, transported with joy. I dropt a tear on my plate. How was that? Even in Paris, I found friends whom I shall ever remember with gratitude; true Americans who were glad to see their flag respected.

June 29. Took leave of the worthy Mr. Barnet, and left Paris for L'Orient, where we arrived on the 4th of July, and soon embarked in the Mentor.

When I arrived at New York, I wrote an abridgment of this work, and carried it to the editor of a newspaper, but he did not insert it; and after that to another, who served me in the same manner.

When I came to Boston, I went to an editor with it, and Mr. Eph. Pain in company with me, to attest these facts, but saw that shifts and evasions were the practice.

Now I submit it to a candid public, in the name of the American prisoners at Arras, who argue thus: if the emperor respects our flag so much as to liberate capt. Clubb, an avowed Englishman, merely because he had the intention to go and settle in the United

States, would he not most certainly liberate us, who are natives or naturalized, if we were applied for?

To conclude: I now enjoy liberty, no thanks to Gen. Armstrong, and exult in the pleasure (which no man can take from me) of seeing my fellow creatures follow their occupations without danger of polite invitations or brutal press-gangs; wishing that American youth (if this should fall into their hands) may reflect a moment on the injustice of European treatment, and from that consideration learn duly to appreciate the blessings they enjoy under their own mild and equitable government, and the value of their local position on the habitable globe.

Hoping the foregoing statement of facts, with my own consequent reflections, will not be the worse received because I happened to be born in the country from whence America was peopled, I most sincerely wish unity of sentiment and prosperity to the United States of America, where I wish to spend the remainder of my life.

NOTE.

I find it is asked, even by ship masters, what right had the American consul to apply for you, an Englishman? I answer, by a permanent maxim long established by justice and reason, and still practised in all civilized nations, viz. If a seaman or officer, aliens by birth, are hired for service on board any ship, and enrolled among the ship's company, then such seaman or officer, in case that ship's company comes to distress by detention of princes, shipwreck, fire, or other cause, is entitled to the same protection and support for the time being from the consul of the nation that ship belongs to, as the citizens or subjects of that nation.

I believe no candid man will say this is wrong, or would say to such a seaman or officer, I have no further need of your service, get out and perish; you are a stranger. NAPOLEON would not say so, but liberated me, for which I thank him sincerely.

The following is a translation of my petition to the French minister of war.

STEPHEN CLUBB, *second mate of the American ship Hyades, detained in the depot of Arras,* To his excellency, Count of the Empire, Minister of War, Paris.

My Lord,

The detention of me and my wife is prolonged in such a cruel manner, that, in order to put an end to it, I thus make bold to submit my case to the benevolence and humanity of your excellency.

I was born an Englishman, which I freely declared in my examination relative to the capture of the ship Hyades.

The question is to know whether, in the circumstances under which I was taken, I can be considered and treated as an enemy. Here follow facts, which to me clearly demonstrate the contrary.

I prove by documents which will be submitted t excellency, that I am married to an American woma

My wife desiring to return to Boston, the place of tivity, I resolved to go and establish myself there, embarked on board the ship Triton for Baltimore. This ship was forced into the Isle of Wight, and finding she was likely to alter her destination, I had to seek another passage.

Not long after, the ship Hyades of Saco arrived, to wait for orders. Her second mate had left her at the moment of her sailing from Charleston, and the captain agreed with me to serve as second mate for my passage and my wife's to the United States.

We were taken and conducted to Calais. And from these facts it results, that I was married to an American woman, and actually on my way to go and settle in the United States. I had besides the essential circumstance in my favour, of being taken while I was exercising the functions of second mate on board an American ship. These circumstances cannot be weakened by a perfidious suggestion, that I was taken when only pilot of that ship.

A pilot would not have his wife and all his effects on board of a ship where he is only to remain a few hours.

No. I declare on my word and honour, that I was there employed as second mate to facilitate my passage, as appears by the documents annexed.

I am then an Englishman, not employed in British service, passenger on board an American ship to go and settle in the United States, the native country of my wife who embarked with me.

This being proved, my detention appears to be in direct opposition to the treaty signed on the 8th of Vendemiaire, in the year 9, between France and the United States.

This treaty says, art. 14, it is equally agreed upon, that this same liberty shall extend to the persons on board the free ship, even if they should be enemies of either of the contracting parties, and they shall not be taken from the said free ships, *at least if they are not soldiers, and actually in the enemy's service.*

The evident sense of this article was, to protect on board of an American ship the person of an Englishman, even if this man exercised no function on board the ship, and was in no intimate alliance with the United States, nor any design to go there to settle and remain for ever.

But if the above is the sense of the treaty, how is it that the American colours cannot protect me, who was second officer on board the ship, me, whose wife was on board with me, passenger under her native flag, me, finally, who would not have been found on board the ship, had I not renounced England for ever, and been going to settle in the United States.

This is impossible ; the letter of the law speaks too strong in my favour ; and when all these circumstances are considered, it will be seen that we need not make use of the treaty in its full rigor, to clear me, even me, a friendless Englishman, which circumstance I have never denied.

I dare then to expect, from the enlightened justice of your excellency, that you will deign to give the necessary orders that my wife and myself, may be liberated from the depot where we are detained ; and permitted to take passage in the first ship that sails for the United States.

I have the honour to be,
with the most profound respect,
my lord,
your excellency's most humble
and most obedient servant,
STEPHEN CLUBB.

Arras, February 13, 1809.

FINIS.

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